And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.
Arc. Fie Sir.
You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,
I muſt, I ought to doe ſo, and I dare,
And all this juſtly.
Pal. O that now, that now
Thy falſe-ſelfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graſpe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baſer in it then a Cutpurſe;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a ſoule, Ile naile thy life too't.
Arc. Thou dar'ſt not foole, thou canſt not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I ſee her next
Enter Keeper.
And pitch between her armes to anger thee.
Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I ſhall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.
Arc. Doe.
Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen.
Pala. Now honeſt keeper?
Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to'th Duke;
The cauſe I know not yet.
Arc. I am ready keeper.
Keeper, Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you
Of your faire Coſens Company.
Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you pleaſe of life; why is he ſent for?
It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falſehood,
Why ſhould a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo faire;
Let honeſt men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but ſee this faire One: Bleſſed Garden,
And fruite, and flowers more bleſſed that ſtill bloſſom
As her bright eies ſhine on ye. would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;
How I would ſpread, and fling my wanton armes
In at her window; I would bring her fruite
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleaſure
Still as ſhe taſted ſhould be doubled on her,
And if ſhe be not heavenly I would make her
So neere the Gods in nature, they ſhould feare her.
Enter Keeper.
And then I am ſure ſhe would love me: how now keeper
Wher's *Arcite*,
Keeper, Baniſhd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Vpon his oth and life muſt he ſet foote
Vpon this Kingdome.
Pal. Hees a bleſſed man,
He ſhall ſee Thebs againe, and call to Armes
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* ſhall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himſelfe a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Feild to ſtrike a battle for her;
And if he loſe her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he beare himſelfe to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*; thouſand waies.
Were I at liberty, I would doe things
Of ſuch a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,
This bluſhing virgine ſhould take manhood to her
And ſeeke to raviſh me.
Keeper, My Lord for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To diſcharge my life.
Keep. No, but from this place to remoove your Lordſhip,
The windowes are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em
That are ſo envious to me; pre'thee kill me.